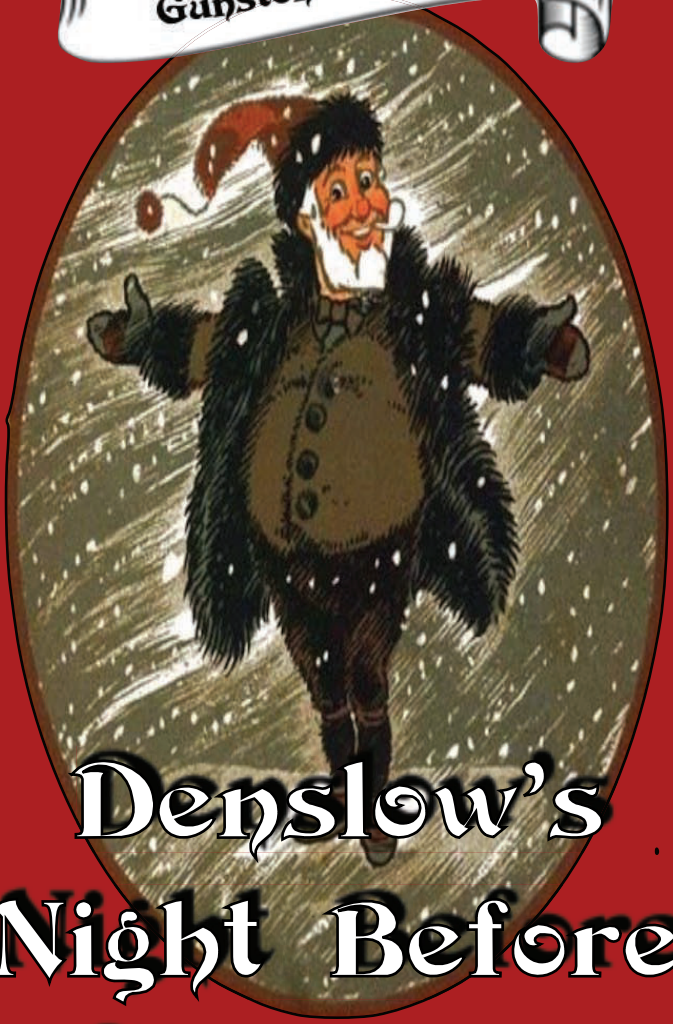
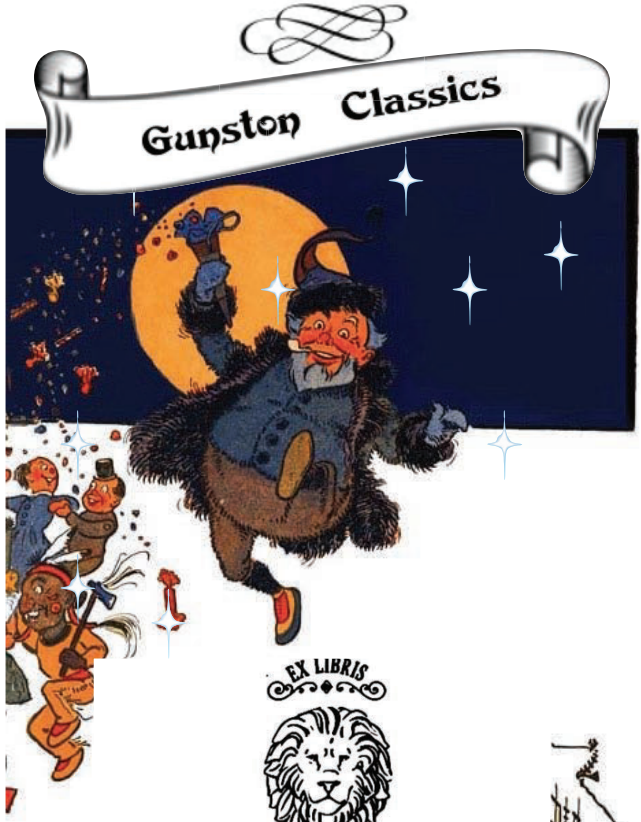
Gunston Classics



Denslow's Night Before Christmas



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by
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Denslow
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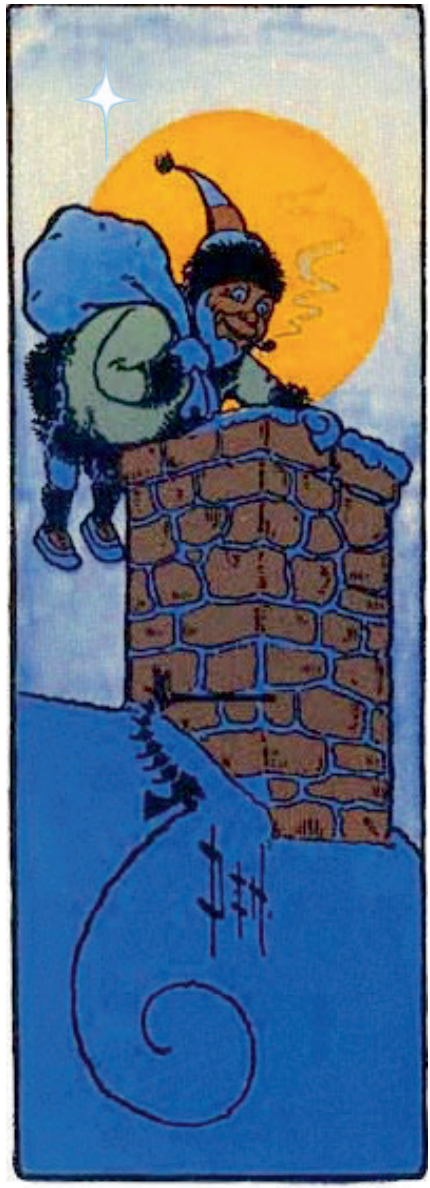
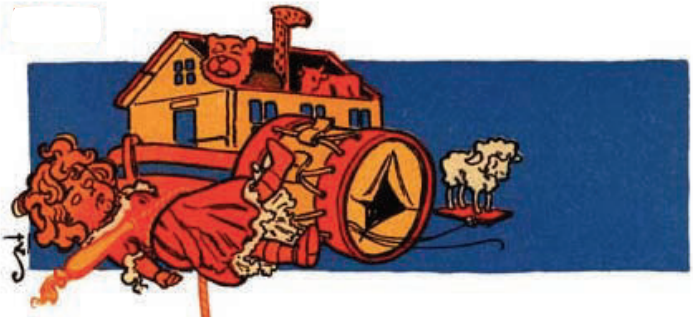


Dedicated to Holly Pommett
with love from Grandma
for our
Favorite Holiday
2022

Denslow's Night
Before Christmas.



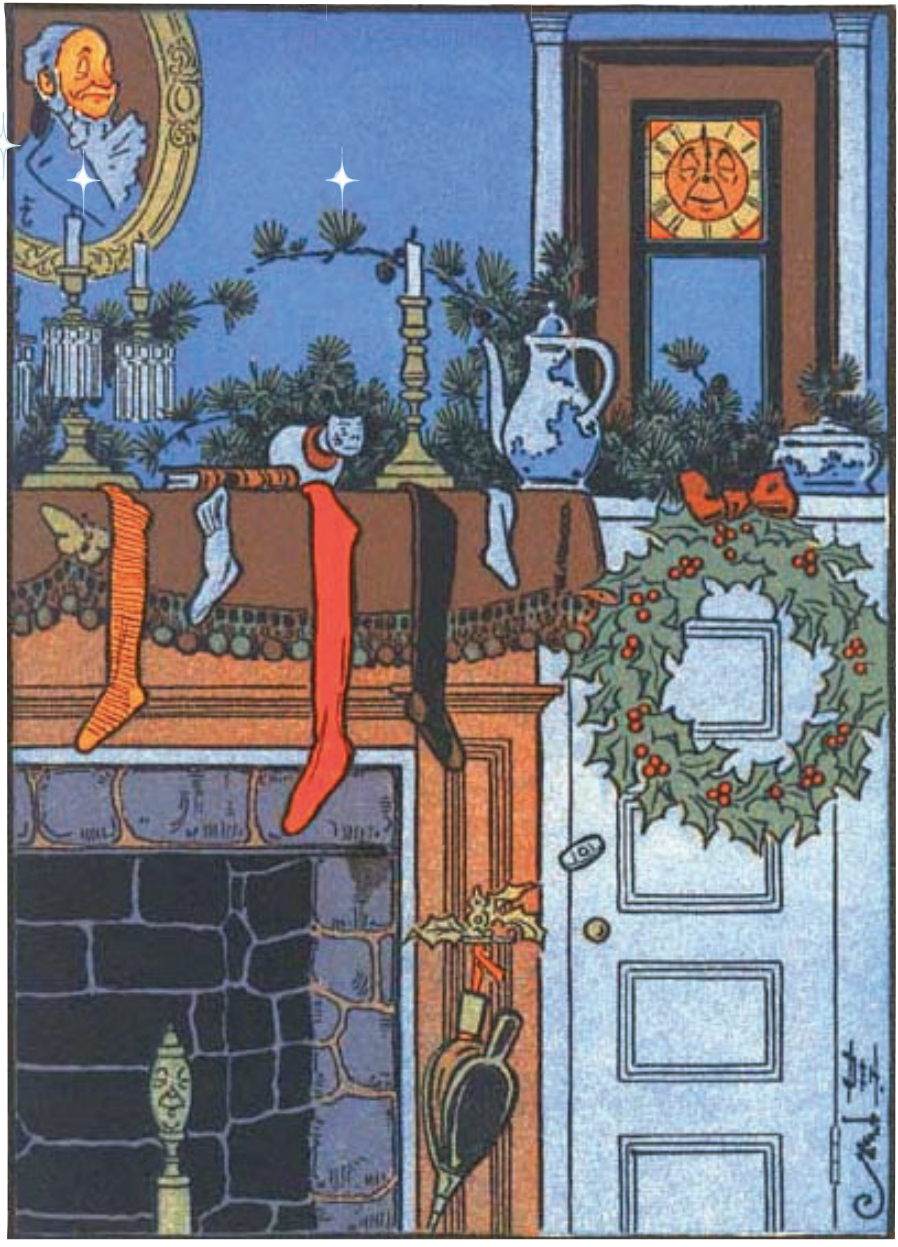
'Twas the night before Christmas,

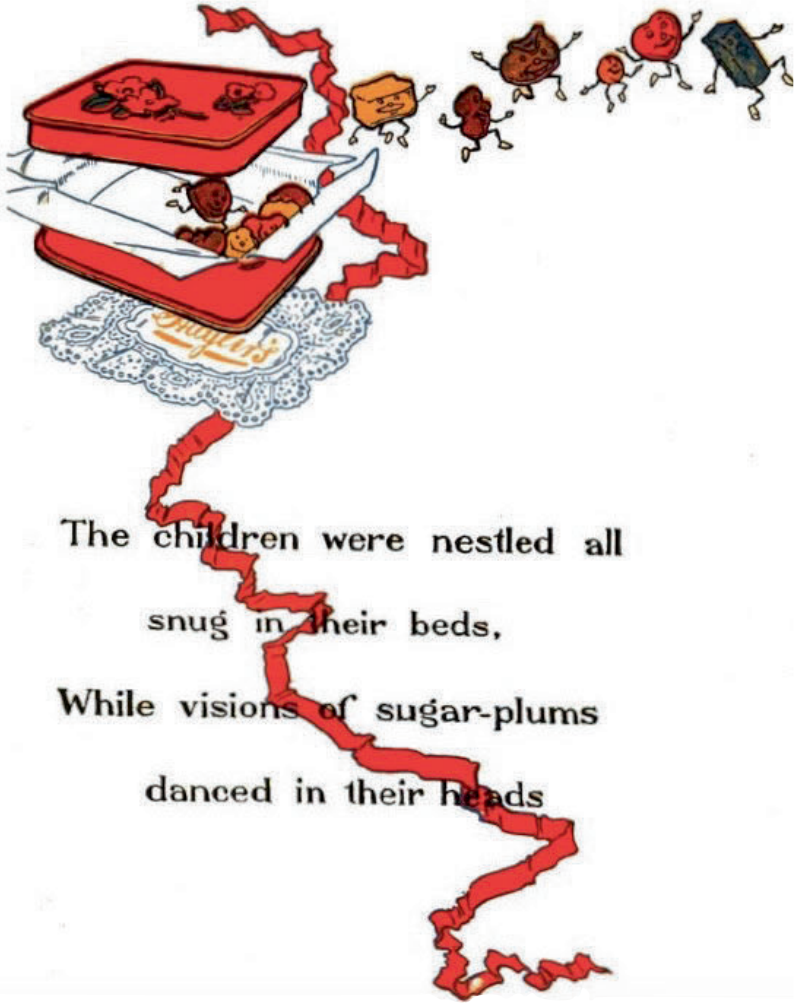
when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring,

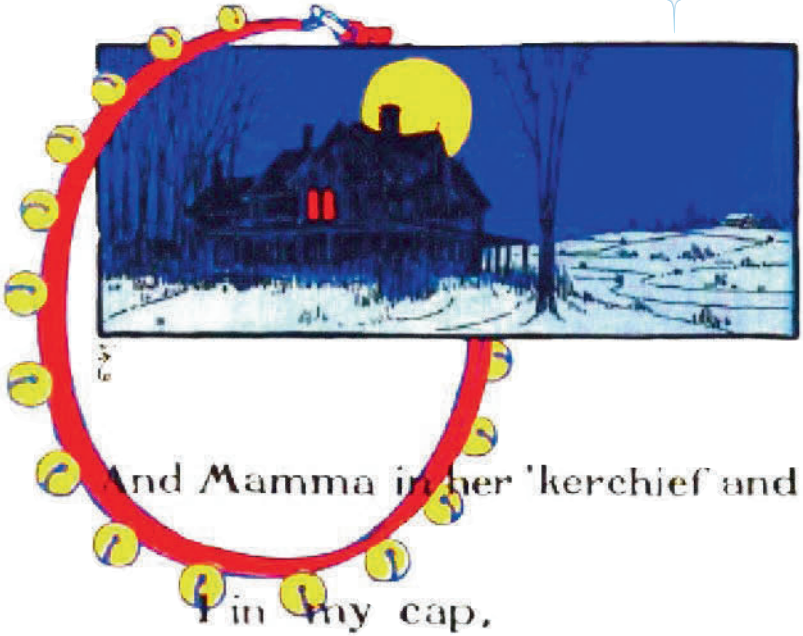
not even a mouse;

The stockings were hung by the
chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas
soon would be there.





The children were nestled all
snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums
danced in their heads



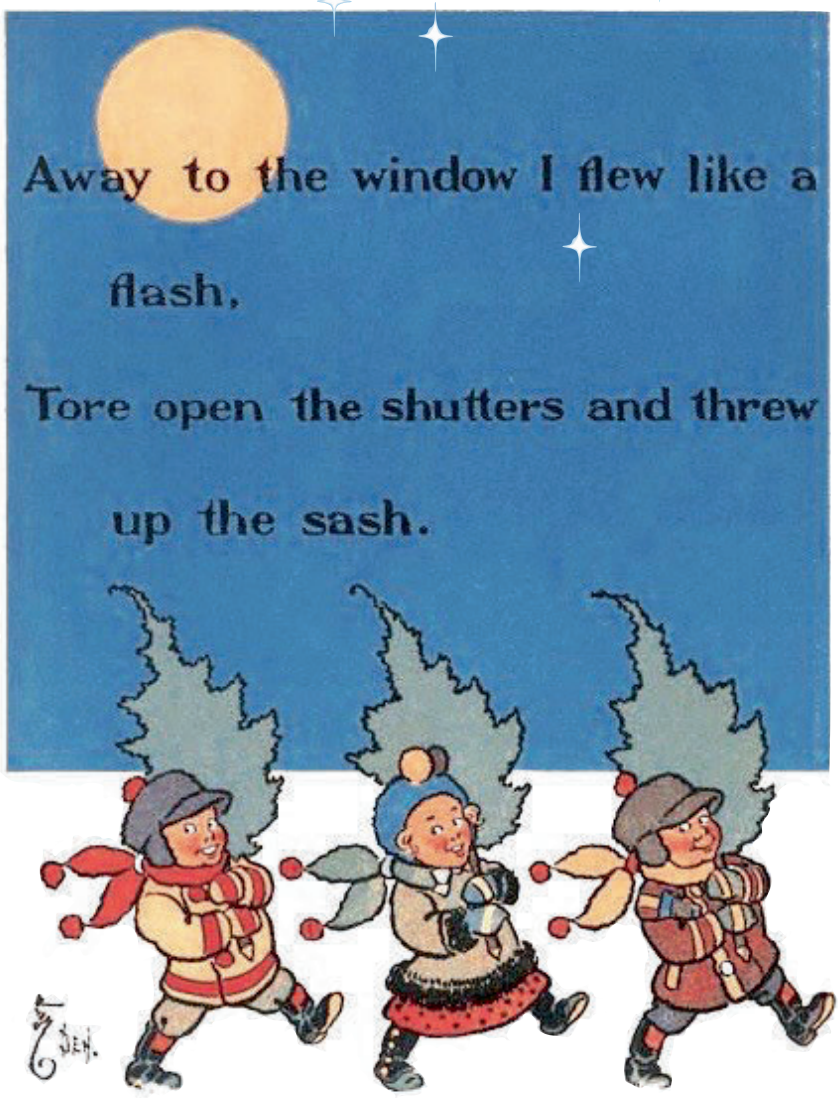
And Mamma in her 'kerchief and

I in my cap,

Had just settled down for a

long winter's nap;

When out on the lawn there
rose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see
what was the matter.


Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

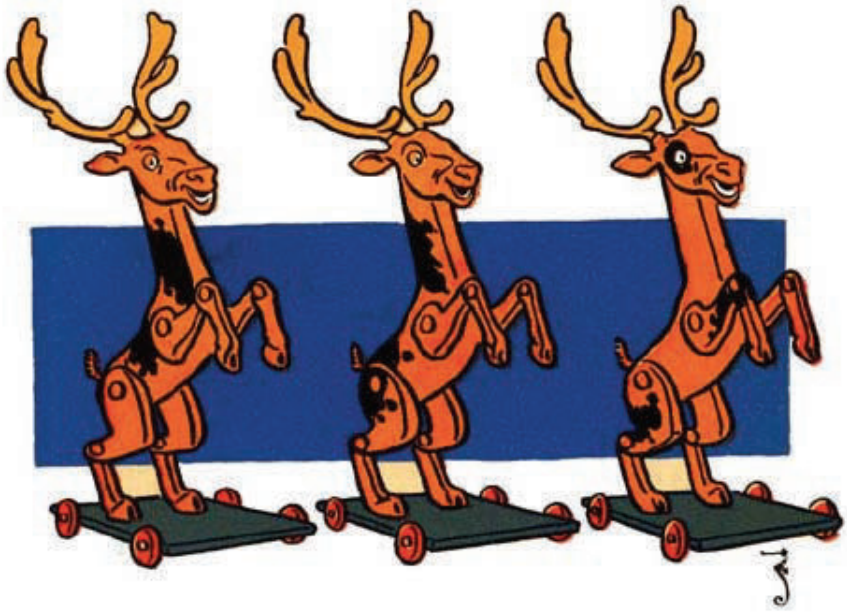
The moon on the breast of the
new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of mid-day to
objects below,

When, what to my wondering

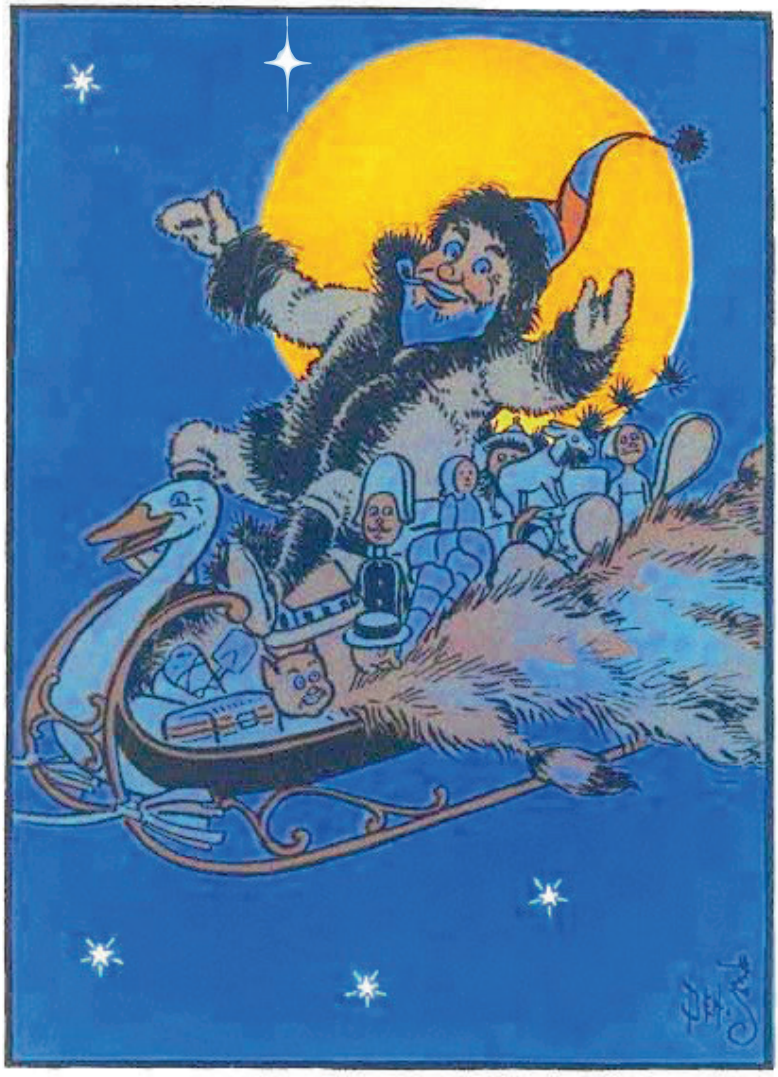
eyes should appear,

But a miniature sleigh, and

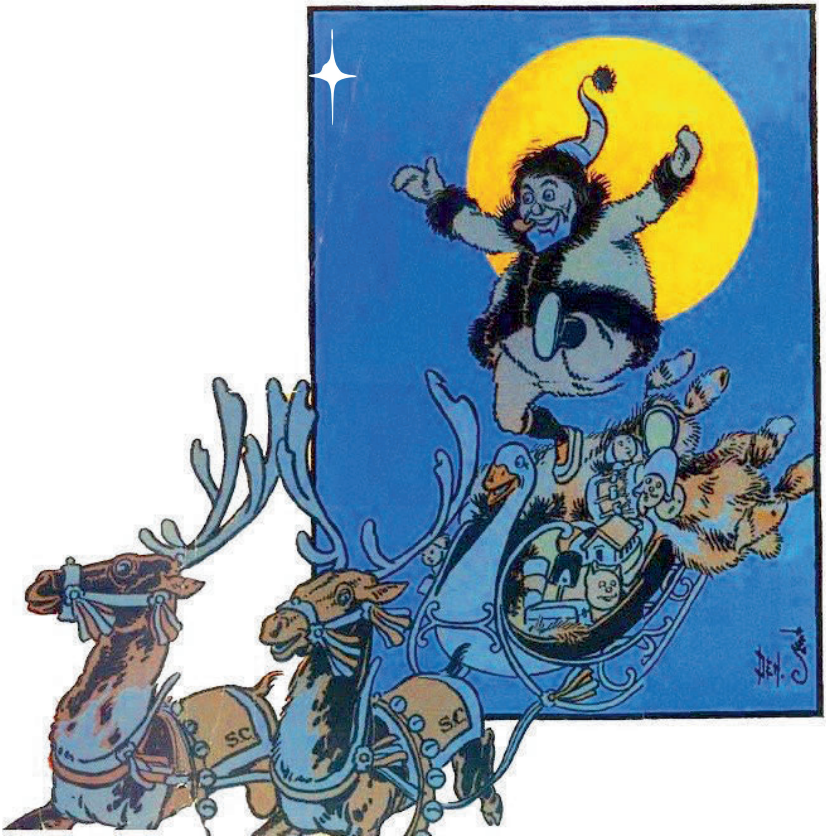
eight tiny reindeer;



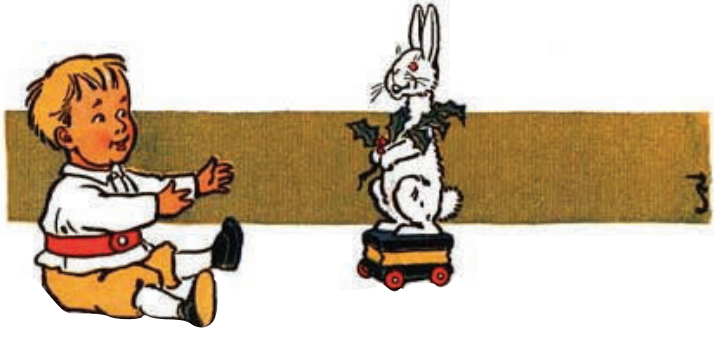
With a little old driver, so lively
and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be
St. Nick.



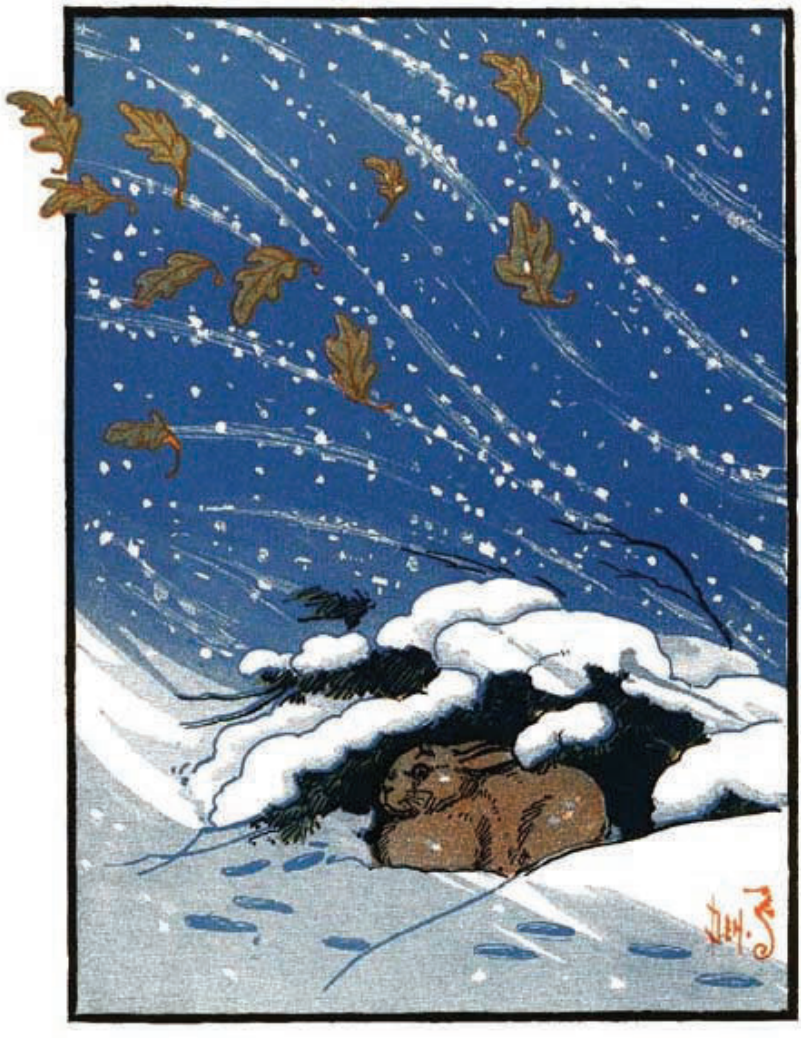
More rapid than eagles his
coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted,
and called them by name:



"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer!
now, Prancer! and Vixen!
On! Comet, on! Cupid, on!
Donder and Blitzen.
To the top of the porch, to the
top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away,
dash away all!"



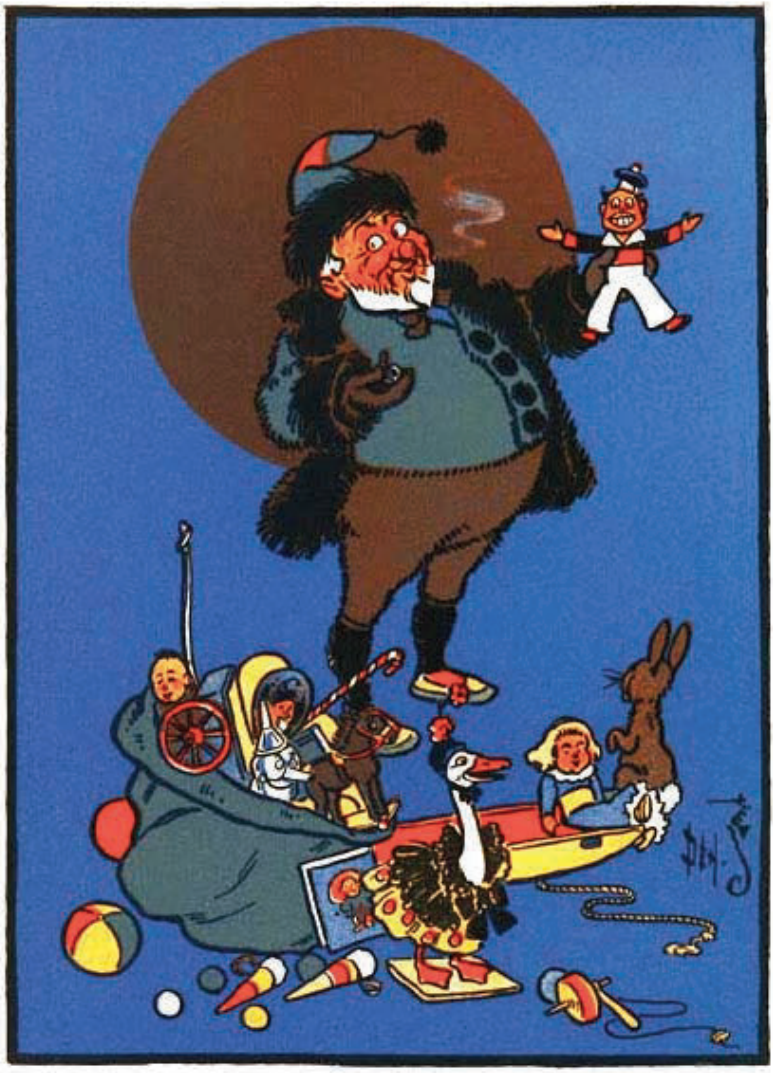
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an ob-
stacle, mount to the sky;



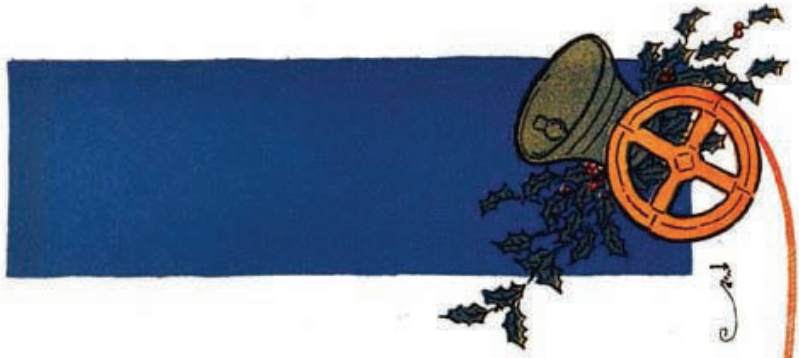
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of Toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof–

As I drew in my head, and
was turning around,
Down the chimney St.Nicholas
came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur; from
his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tar-
nished with ashes and soot;

His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.



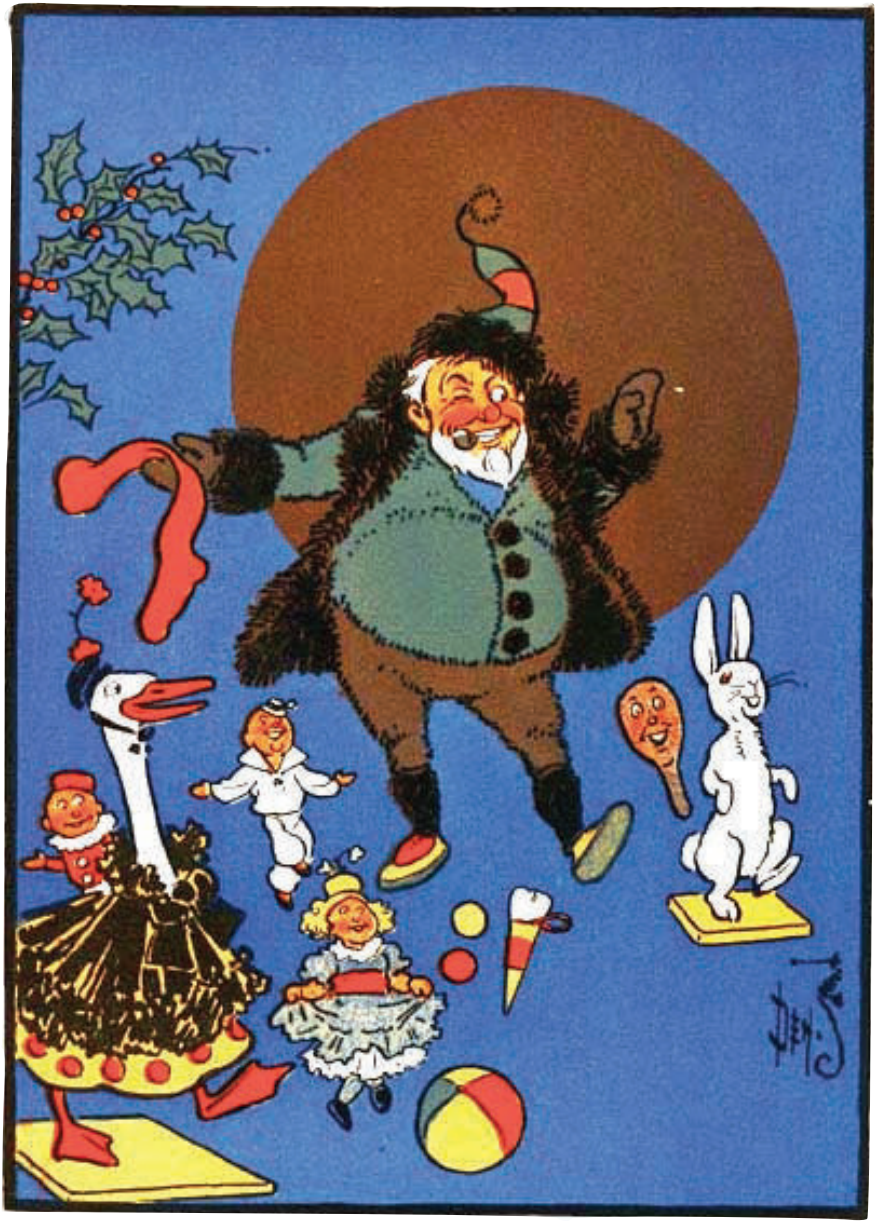
The stump of a pipe he held
tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled
his head like a wreath;



He had a broad face and a little
round belly
That shook, when he laughed,
like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a
right jolly old elf,
And I laughed, when I saw him,
in spite of myself;

A wink of his eye, and a twist
of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had
nothing to dread;



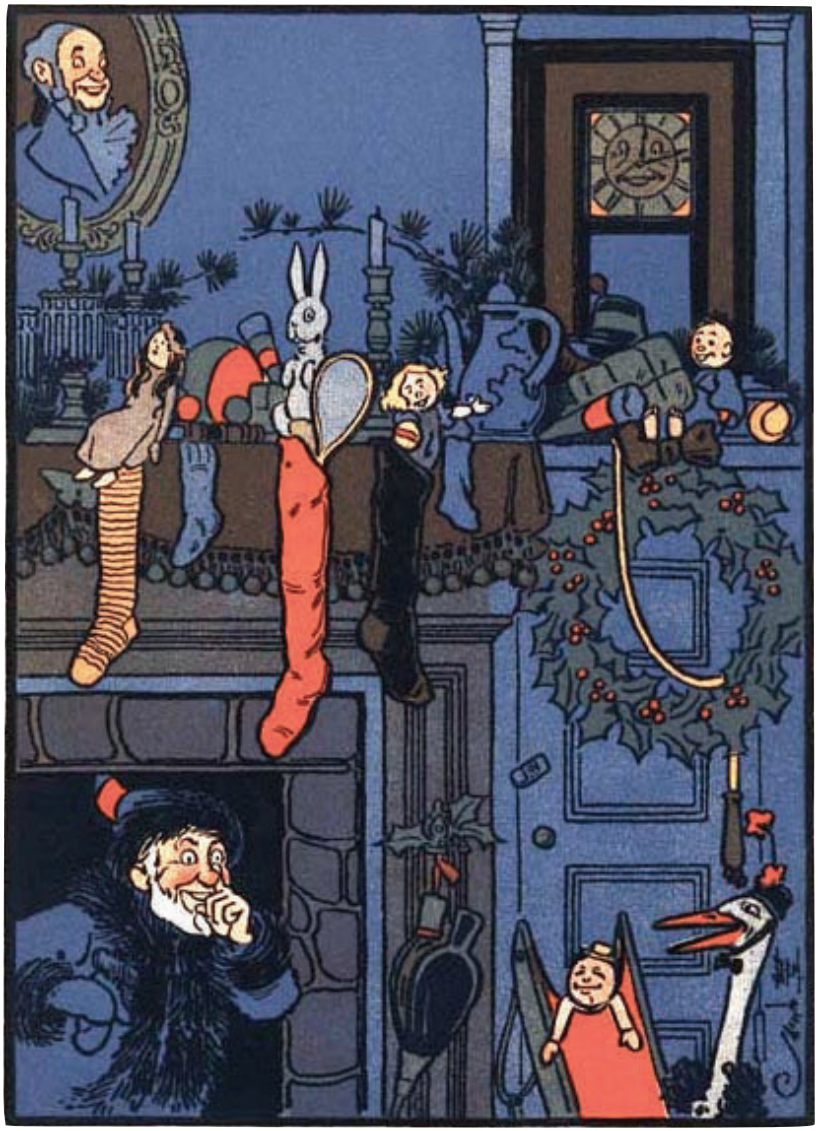
He spoke not a word, but went

straight to his work,

And filled all the stockings, then

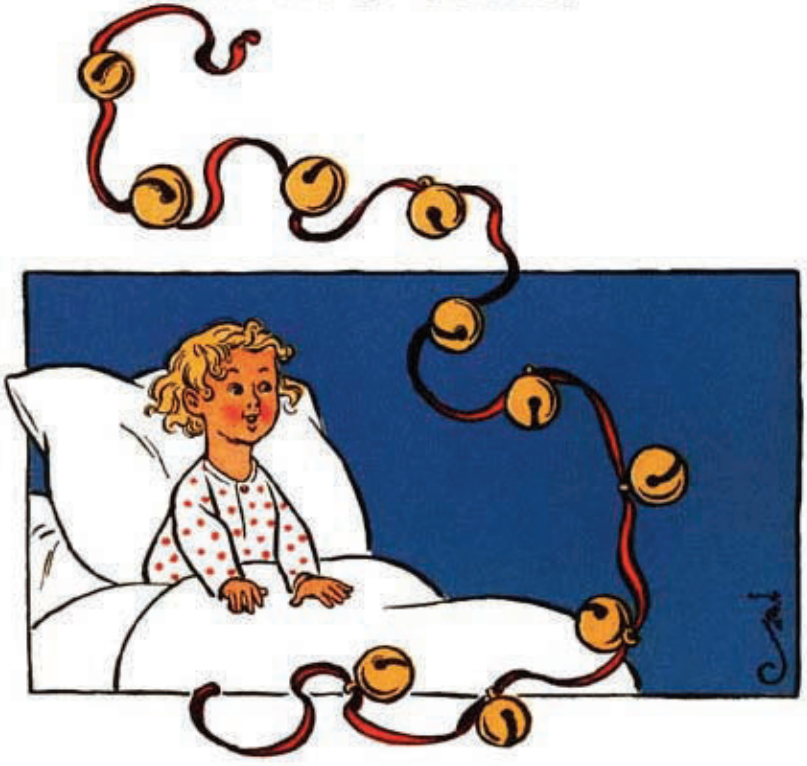
turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of
his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chim-
ney he rose;



He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down on a thistle.



But I heard him exclaim ere

he drove out of sight,

HAPPY CHRISTMAS

TO ALL AND TO ALL

A GOOD NIGHT."

THE END

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